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Founder-Chief Editor: Late Mrs. M. R. JANAKI, B.A. (Madras), L.T. (B.H.U.), M.R.A.S. (Lond.)

Hon. Managing Editor: Sri K. R. ACHARYA, F.C.A.

Head Quarters: NEW DELHI

Office for any Correspondence: Please Address the Hon. Managing Editor W. & W. P. O. Box No. 1407, Madras—Thyagarayanagar.

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It's easy enough to be pleasant
When life flows along like a song,
But the man worth while
Is the man who can smile,
When everything goes dead wrong.

To Our Subscribers—*Our subscribers are reminded to remit their subscriptions to the Hon. Managing Editor, Wealth & Welfare Madras-Thyagarayanagar.*—Editor, W. & W.

EDITORIAL

The Spiritual Democracy of Equality

The One God dwells in every heart; bear not hate to any one.

He exalts himself, for sure, who sees himself, oneself, in all that lives.

If one knows this great Truth that Life is one in all, and how all pain originates, he does not hurt his one hand with his other, knowing that he himself suffers pain.

For us ordinary house-holders, as such, are enjoined five panchashila abstinences and four positive observances.

The observances are :— (1) Daana, Charity, (2) Priya-vachana, gentle speech, (3) Artha-charya, earning of livelihood, but governed by purpose of social service, by philanthropic intention in all activities of life, trade, etc., and, finally, secret of all goodness and virtue. (4) Samaanaatmataa, equal-souledness, equality, similarity, nay, sameness, of all souls; whence same-sightedness, feeling of, sense of, non-separateness; and the possibility and necessity of observing the Golden Rule of Christ, viz.,

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

By self analogy if one feels for all in gladness or sorrow, everywhere, he will be deemed to be the highest yogi.

So says Gita, he gains same-sightedness and his life is all one constant sacrifice, good-act. He is said to gain the true Swarajya, Reign of the Higher Self, Kingdom of Heaven.

Hit-Opadesha points out:—

"Who looks on other's wives as on his mothers,
Who looks at others gold as so much dross,
Who feels for others *as he feels for self,*
He is true pandit, he is true wise man."

The final mark of Duty, Righteousness, Legal and moral Lawfulness in this:

"That what ye hold *as dear and good for self*
And which your inner higher self approves,
Ye hold as dear and good for others too;
And what ye may not like for your own self,
For others like it not, in the same way.
Who *feeleth* as his own the joys and sorrows
Of others, he is the true yogi, he
Hath truly 'joined' his own soul with all souls."

"Pity the misfortunes of others; rejoice in the well-being of others; help those who are in want; save men in danger; rejoice at the success of others; and sympathise with their reverses, *even as though you were in their place.*"

All shrink from suffering. All love life. Remember that you too are like to them.

Make your own self the measure of the others, and so abstain from causing hurt to them.

The injunction for normal man, ordinary householder is "Do not foster *ego* more than *alter;* care for *alter as much as for ego.*

To abolish and annihilate egoism will be a futile attempt and impossible task. On the contrary, it will make *egoism* the measure of *altruism*. To abolish egoism is to abolish altruism also; and *vice versa*.

Only Law Universal is true law.

What I hold good for self, I should for all.

"What he would hide from others; would not like
Others to know; what his own heart feels shame
To do—let him not ever do such act.
What he is willing may be known by all;
What his heart feels no shame at all to do;
What satisfies his 'conscience', his best Self,
—That has on it the mark of Righteousness."

"Refrain from fault-finding, carping, cavilling, back-biting, ill-natured criticism, scandal-mongering, malicious libelling, defaming, slandering—all only too common and too destructive of friendliness and human happiness."

"The disease of men is this that they neglect their own field, and go to weed the fields of others, and that what they require from others, is great, while what they lay upon themselves is light."

"To attempt to correct others while one's own virtue is clouded, is to set one's virtue a task for which it is inadequate."

"He who smites will be smitten; he who shows rancour, will find rancour; from reviling comes reviling, and to him who is angered comes anger."

Therefore,

"Never by hates are hates extinguished;
Only by love may hate be changed to love
And cease as hate—such is the 'Eternal Law'."

"Hate is not quenched by hate; or strife by strife,
Rather, as fire by fuel, grows the more."

"Faults, mustard-small, of others, ye see well;
Your own, as large as bel-fruit, ye see not."

It is not always easy to interpret the above mentioned Light of lights and apply for the purposes of daily life.

Yet they are intended for nothing else than daily practice.

They can be followed fully and wisely only by those who have risen beyond personality, have 'let out ego and let in God'.

HEALTH

HEALTH AND DIET

By Sri Swami Sivananda

(*Health and Long Life*)

CONSTITUENTS OF FOOD

(*Continued from last issue*)

II

I am not your enemy—
I am your sincere friend!
I am a messenger from God,
I am an angel from heaven,—
To teach you wisdom,
To instil in your heart
Mercy and dispassion,
To turn your mind towards God,
To destroy your intense clinging
To things mundane—
That are perishable and illusory.
I am your guide and silent Teacher!
I am pain, the best thing in this world,
I am an eye-opener, soul-awakener,
I am an inspirer and thriller;
I come to remind you of God,
To point to you the Divine Path,
To make you desist from evil ways,
To make you practise virtues, good habits.
You have really misunderstood me.
I am a mental Vritti in the mind-lake,
I am only absence of pleasure,
I co-exist with pleasure—
I am the other side of the coin of pleasure-pain.
I am the cause of the starting of philosophy,
I am the cause for man's Purushartha—
I am the cause for man's aspiration;
I set the mind of philosophers to think,
I make the Yogins to start Sadhana,
I make the sages to practise meditation,
I make a worldly man a Super-man.

III

You failed to observe the laws of health—
The rules of hygiene and right-living,
You took Rajasic and Tamasic foods,
You were not regular in doing exercise,
You did not practise Pranayama and Asanas,
You did not pray and meditate;
You were immoderate in your food—
You did not take a balanced diet,
You did not bask in the sun,
You slept in ill-ventilated rooms,
You took too much of sweetmeats,
You drank impure water,
You hated and injured your neighbours,
You were lustful, malicious and greedy,
You took meat, fish and eggs
And developed gout, rheumatism and albuminuria;
You were a heavy smoker in the club
You drank liquors in the hotels;
You took bribes and cheated in business;
And so, I come to you
To heal, teach and guide!

IV

Understand now at least
My secret and good nature,
My interest in your well-being.
Lead a virtuous life,
Practise simple-living and high thinking,
Lead a natural life,
Observe the laws of health and hygiene—
Eat simple food, a well-balanced diet;
Practise Ahimsa, Satya, Brahmacharya,
Lead the Life Divine,
Remain as a Brahmachari,
Or better still, take to Sannyasa
After equipping yourself with 'four';
Practise Sadhana
And attend the Training Courses,
Go through the 'Divine Life' magazine,
Study 'Spiritual Lessons', 'Aphorisms',
Remember Lord Viswanath always,

Take bath in the Ganges and purify.
Then I will depart and leave you,
I will not trouble you any longer
Love me, believe me, heed my message.
I will give you peace, bliss, immortality,
I will surely bless you :
This is my delicate promise, friend !
Goodbye, comrade ! Be cheerful !

Chapter III

DIET IN ASTHMA

Asthmatic patient should strictly adhere to dietetic rules. All stimulating and irritating articles should be abandoned. The diet should be nourishing plain, light, bland, wholesome and easily digestible. Overloading should be strictly avoided. Everything that tends to provoke an attack should be shunned.

Avoid solid meals after two o'clock in the day. No pastry or pickles should be taken. Stewed fruits or light pudding may be taken. Late dinners should be avoided. An asthmatic should never eat as much as he can. Finish the night meals before sunset. Take only a little milk and fruits. And asthmatic can lead a life of comparative, comfort and ease through careful dieting and practice of control of tongue or self-denial.

Asthma is generally caused by wrong foods taken at wrong timings. Constipation and indigestion are the immediate causes of Asthma. Complete fast is one of the best remedies for Asthma. Hot coffee, hot water bath and any such thing which causes pumping of the blood in the heart is very helpful in stopping the trouble. Heavy meals should never be taken and the stomach should never be filled more than half or three-fourth in the case of mild attacks. An asthmatic should never eat as much as he wants and whatever that he wants. Wrong foods taken at wrong hours with hurry and excitement cause asthma. Very little or no food followed by silence gives much release from an attack. Milk, ghee, buttermilk, curd, oil or cold and cooling things should not be taken. Heavy and wind-producing foods like dhal, red pumpkin, etc., should be avoided.

In case the asthmatic accidentally or carelessly takes a heavy meal, he should sit up on Vajrasan until the stomach becomes light and then only do you any kind of work. The bowels should always be kept clean either by an enema in the morning or a laxative at bed time. Sun-bath should never be missed whenever possible and in winter it is better to warm the chest and the face near the fire. The patient should have great control over his tongue and should never be tempted by attractive dishes or cold drinks. It is better to avoid night-meal completely and try to live only on the midday meal. Stomach is the first cause of all troubles and constipation makes the disease worse. Carelessness either in movement, talking or eating has to be carefully avoided ; for these three are the gateways to the terrible regions of Asthma.

Coconut is one of the foods which are not easily digested properly and thus cause an asthmatic attack. Bread, butter and honey are the best foods for the asthmatic. Coffee also is a good drink for the asthmatic, and perhaps is the only suitable drink for him. Rice causes phlegm and should not be taken in excess. Constipating foods like baker's bread should be avoided as far as possible. Only wheat-chapathis should be taken with butter and honey. This is the best food. If only the stomach is not filled, other external causes, even a chill cold water bath, do not do any harm. All troubles are in the belly ; externals only help the growth of the trouble.

What is that by curing which everything else is cured ? That is the stomach. That should be kept disciplined and regulated. Cashew-nuts, ground nuts, jack-fruits, plantains, dates, etc., cause horrible asthmatic attacks. Plantain is one of the great enemies of an asthmatic and should never be taken unless boiled, baked or somehow cooked well. All raw foods cause asthma, but if they are cooked they lose their bad effects. An asthmatic should take only cooked food. Raw tomatoes cause immediate attack of Asthma.

Sweet oranges can be very easily digested and are useful for an asthmatic patient. Raw lemon-juice is a dangerous thing. It irritates the throat and causes asthma.

Almond is a good food but should not be taken alone or in excess, as it is very difficult to digest it. A weak constitution is more open to an asthmatic attack ; it seldom becomes acute in a strong body ; so gradual nourishing food has to be taken until the body becomes strong. The diet should not be changed constantly. One should stick to only one kind of diet and only a modern quantity.

A boiled mixture of the juices of ginger, omum, onion or garlic and the bark of the drumstick-tree stops the trouble except in highly acute cases. The attack fades away as the sun comes higher and higher and becomes violent in night time. The attack is most severe in early morning hours, since the circulation of blood becomes slower at that time.

Whenever the asthmatic becomes conscious that he is breathing, i.e., when there is a slight roughness of breathing (for generally breathing is done unconsciously), it is to be understood that danger is inevitable. This is caused by a loaded stomach with undigested food. Eructations and hiccups with smells of food in the stomach remind that the belly is loaded or that there is undigested matter ; they irritable the throat and an attack follows.

Cold water should not be drunk in an empty stomach. It is better to avoid cold drinks altogether. Whenever there is wind in the bowels, running of the nose, headache or noises in the stomach, the asthmatic should observe a fast and take rest.

An asthmatic should not take incompatible foods like buttermilk and coffee, etc. He should not move suddenly from cold to hot atmosphere and vice versa. He should eat with much calmness of mind and take a long time for chewing. Salted dishes and the like should be avoided as far as possible, and only Satvik diet taken.

Phlegm-producing and wind-producing foods should not be taken. Loose foods like rice, dhal, all seeds and beans, oily substances and uncooked foods should be strictly avoided. Only compact foods like chapathi, honey, butter and coffee or even boiled milk and sugar, and smooth soft vegetables can be taken without harm. Boiled buttermilk or boiled curd also are not harmful. All pulses should be avoided.

Soft vegetables and fruits should form the main portion of the diet taken by an asthmatic and if milk is found to be indispensable, it should be taken boiled with powders of turmeric, pepper and ginger. After food it should be made a habit to sit on Vajrasan in order to help digestion.

It is better to avoid company meal. The patient should take his food singly. Hurried and quick diet without proper chewing is one of the most common but least heeded causes of indigestion and its many undesirable consequences. Talking or laughing during meals is strictly prohibited. Sufficient water (warm) has to be taken after food in order to avoid constipation.

There is no better food for the asthmatic patient than wheat bread, butter, honey and coffee. Coffee should not be taken for a long time since it irritates the nerves. The other three are permanent foods for the patient.

MISCELLANEOUS

AVOIDABLE WASTE

R. S. Sankariar, B.A., B.L.
Retd. Dt. & Sessions Judge.

After the first world war Lloyd George, the Premier called on the people to avoid what he styled "WICKED WASTE". A booklet was also issued calling for eschewing of all, avoidable extravagance, in food, clothing and otherwise. We in India are in a similar plight, as so emphatically presented by the Honourable the Prime Minister.

Some steps may be immediately taken by administrative action as follows:—

1. Ministers need not wander over the State from end to end, almost every fortnight, as in Madras, opening a school here, unveiling a portrait there, or presiding over some special function. I respectfully suggest publication of (i) the total amount of the taxpayer's money spent on such travels in Madras and (ii) the total number of work days, the ministers were thus away from headquarters, doing nothing to earn their pay. Formerly executive officers of ripe experience and tested ability were made the executive councillors of the Governor. Now, persons innocent of administration (e.g. Nadar and Kakkan to name a few in Madras) are entrusted with the highest responsible offices. Instead of attending office and learning something at least about their grave responsibility, they go about as self-appointed propagandist of the congress, enjoy feasts and get decorated with garlands. There is no wonder that the common man recalls with respect the old days of efficient government. This extravagance, and neglect of duty, must stop. One of these does not even know the State language as per the constitution.

2. Why should ministers be provided with palatial residences? The P.W.D. has plans for residences of District Officers of the British I.C.S. cadre. Why not be content with such princely accommodation?

3. In the old days in Madras, they had the banqueting hall, in which ceremonial functions, including state dinners were held. Individual British officers would hold banquets in their clubs, or in a Hotel. Now it will be enough if a similar banqueting hall is alone provided in each capital, to be the place for lunches, dinners etc. for distinguished guests. It is needless to provide such a hall in every Minister's Official Residence.

4. In Madras there is a craving on the part of the members of the Legislature, to have a good time in Ootacamund, by holding meetings of the two houses during the summer! They seem to consider themselves privileged persons who can dip deep into the coffers of the state, for their own personal pleasure!

During the earlier regime the congress protested against the Secretarial going to Ooty for about five months. The then government responded by sending only a skeleton staff and limited the sojourn of the executive councillors and Chief Secretary to two months. The others continued in Madras.

Now, because of the "VOTING POWER" the congress members of the Madras Legislature are calling for making Ooty, the seat for the Summer season. What a sad betrayal! This will be the last straw. People have expected *service* for the good of the people from the congress. These selfish members are discrediting the Congress. They seem to seek to revive the offensive MABAP status of the party in Power. These must be nipped in the bud. Else, it will grow as a poisonous weed.

RULES UNDER ARTICLE 166 (3) OF THE CONSTITUTION

R. S. Sankariar, B.A., B.L.
Retd. Dt. & Sessions Judge.

Article 166 (3):—"The Governor shall make rules for the more convenient transaction of the business of the Government of the State, and for the allocation among ministers of the said business, in so far as it is not business, with respect to which the Governor is by, or under, the constitution required, to act in his discretion."

The expression "more convenient" must be deemed to connote "efficient" and "necessary". The first Governor does not appear to have issued or formulated any clear rules for the attendance of ministers at their offices, and their outturn of work. We now see that during these recent years most of the ministers spend a considerable part of the year in travelling about the country, making speeches, opening institutions, or portraits, and taking part in functions more social, than governmental. Evidently the secretariat runs the show on their behalf, and they have a "good time" at state cost.

One recalls the earlier period when the very highest officers—members of the executive council—worked diligently, shouldering seriously and honestly their responsibilities. They were not at liberty to travel at their own choice at the expense of the State Treasury, at any time anywhere. The ordinary man compares this efficient controlled past, with the seemingly uncontrolled and wasteful present. He hopes that rules will be framed and strictly enforced to secure regular attendance of the ministers at their offices. They must not leave the seat of the government otherwise than on leave, without the express authorisation of the governor, and for performing only such governmental purposes as the authorisation specifies. There must be budget control and limits on the expense that may be incurred for such duty travels of the ministers.

Ministers are assigned portfolios. Most of them are strangers to work. Historic continuity is the basis of the strangers to work. Historic continuity is the basis of progress. They must attend the office and learn the nature of the work, the past progress and the envisaged future development. In the case of some of them at least this desire seems to be absent. It is true that some of them are mere birds of passage. They may not be again called on to serve as ministers. Thus the natural inertia appeals to them, to mark time and make a show by talking and touring. But the people expect them to deserve the trust, and justify their appointment. The constitution has laid on the governor the highest responsibility of guiding the Ministers.

THE EPIC OF THE ANKLET

By K. S. Ramaswami Sastriar,
Retd. District & Session Judge.

BOOK II—MADURA

(*Continued from issue 21—2—1958*)

Kavandi and fair Kannaki awhile
Rested 'neath a tree. And gentle Kovalan
Went to a lovely tank to quench his thirst.
A forest deity then before them came
In fair Vasantamala's form and said;
"Fair Madhavi doth pine in deep despair
Tears drop like radiant pearls from her bright eyes".
Then Kovalan a holy mantra spake
The deity then assumed her natural form
And went her way. Then he and Kannaki
And saint Kavandi went to Aiyai's shrine.

Canto XII—The Hunter's Song

And in that shrine of Queen of Victory
The maravas came their vows to fulfil there
A woman inspired then cried out; "Your foes
Are glad and you are meek and poor, as you
Your duty to the deity have forgot;"
Her hair was dressed like Siva's matted hair

And on it shone a hog's tooth like the moon.
A tiger skin she wore as garment bright.
She saw fair Kannaki and said: "O! Here
Is seen the brightest gem of chastity".
The goddess great aspiring in that shrine,
With crescent on her head and three bright eyes,
With dark blue throat and serpent girdle bright
With trident in her puissant hand, declared;
"What your pure sooth-sayer says is true."
A wondrous grove before the temple stood
The sal tree strong, the scented sandal tree,
The gold-flowered vengai tree, the pinnai tree,
The thick leaved mango tree, the cocoa palm
Abounded there.
The inspired woman sang;
"In mood of penance this great goddess stands
And happy is the famous hunting line
Wherein was born Uma supreme, divine.
The noble line is known through all the lands
She is the wisdom of the scripture fair
She on the slain buffalo demon stands.
She shines in glory great through all the lands.
She wears the moon and Ganga on her matted hair.
She danced the wondrous dance of victory
And slew the demons on the battlefield.
And did the sword and trident valiant wield
Worshipped with flowers she dance in ecstacy
We worship thee. To us Maravars bring
The cattle of our weak and timid foes
O Krishna! Unto thee we make our vows
Accept with love our humble offering".

Canto XIII—In the Madura Suburbs

Then Kovalan to Saint Kavandi said:
"This tender damsel is fatigued and wane
The Pandyan King's most pure and righteous sway
Makes travel in the pleasant and night secure"
The moon shines in the calm and radiant skies
The Earth in grief at lot of Kannaki,
Said: "Lovely girl That did not jewels wear
Or sandal paste upon thy lovely breasts
Or deck thy hair with flowers!"

The Kannaki

And Kovalan heard Kavandi's precious words
And walked along. When he a-searching went
For water, he met Kausikan who said to him
His parent's grief and Madhavi's despair
And gave the missive of fair Madhavi.
She wrote therein: "Forgive my errors great
My noble lord! Return and bless us all"
He told Kausikan: "She is not to blame
The fault is mine. Return and soothe the grief
Of my good parents."
Then he swift returned
To Kannaki and they and Kavandi went
Along. Some traveller then told them there:
"Madura town is near. Do you not feel
The fragrant south wind here? Do you not see
The city smoke and smell the sweet perfume
From fragrant flowers in groves of Madura."
And soon they heard the thundering beat of drums
And golden resonance of Vedic chants.
The Vaigai with her glowing robe of flowers
And sandhills shining like her charming breasts
And flowing water as her tresses sweet
Before them lay. They crossed it soon and went
Around the city in deep reveree
And rested in grove where trees did seem
To shake their heads and tell fair Kannaki
To keep away from her relentless fate.

Conto XIV—In Modura

The sun came up and woke to busy life
The sons of Madura. The city drum
In thunder pealed. The conches in the shrines
Took sands by storm. And vedic chants arose
And filled the ears with solemn music sweet.
Then Kovalan to Saint Kavandi said;
"My Kannaki is tender as a flower
And is by travel worn. Protect with love
Till I some merchants meet and then return".
Then she replied; "O noble Kovalan!
You reap the bitter fruits of Karma past.
Though virtue's way is oft proclaimed by God
Desire deflects man's thoughts but oft when pain
Doth hurt man maddened is by misery.
Love's slings bring grief to men of strong desires
But not to sages with full self-control.
For even Rama grieved when forced to part
From Sita. Nala went in lonely grief
And left his Damayanti to pine.
Go. Fix a proper house and soon return".
He went unto that gay and glorious town
With strong men and with lovely maids therein
Who lived in joy through all the seasons there;
The rainy season when God Indra rules
With thunderbolt, the winter when before
The fire the lovers sit with closed doors.
The early dewy time when lovers true
Sit warming in the Sun; the dewy time
When Kama plies his shafts; the sunny spring
When lovers meet rejoicing in the southern breeze,
And summer full of splendour, dance and song
Through various streets the gentle Kovalan went
And heard the sounds of revelry and joy.
The shops abounded with fine merchandise
From distant lands—fine precious gems and gold
And ivory and corals red and orient pearls
And grains in great abundance heaped therein.

Canto YV—The Refuge

Then Kovalan returned unto the grove
Where sage Kavandi and fair Kannaki stayed.
There came the Brahmin Madalan a-wandering
He said: "Fair Madhavi's young child was named
Manimekalai obeying your desire.
That day you saved feeble a brahman old
From death by fury of an elephant
That tore in awful rage along the road
You made a poor afflicted brahmin couple rich.
And once you offered your most precious life
In exchange for a life forfeit for sin
To guardian God who seized him swift to slay.
But yet your acts in previous births have brought
Some great unhappiness to you". Then Kovalan
Narrated unto all his ominous dreams.
There came a cowherd lady Madari.
Saint Kavandi then asked her; "Will you have
Fair Kannaki to Lodge with you till she
A fitter lodging gets. Be her refuge.
Her feet till she upon this errand came
Knew not the touch of earth. The rains will fall
In season when and where chaste women dwell.
When men of penance true an order give
And it is well obeyed great blessings come.
Once when a Charana was preaching law
A deity came. One of his hands divine
Was simian. When asked the cause of this
He said; "Once long ago a monkey went
Along with men who went to worship well
A hermit great. He asked a matron pure
Who came to worship him that like a son
It might be brought up. When it died its share

Was given as gift to Charanas. It then a God
Became and had a simian hand to show
To all that chastity has power to give
The highest gifts". "So take fair Kannaki."
Then Madari took with her Kannaki
And gave as refuge true her humble home.

Canto XYI—The The murder of Kovalan

Then Madari thus spoke to Kannaki;
"O! You with wondrous beauty unadorned
That puts to shame the made-up loveliness
Of girls in Madura in silks and gems
Bedecked! My daughter Aiyai thee will tend
With love. Live with me". Then fair Kannaki
Cooked savoury meals and served her loving lord.
They looked like Krishna and his cowherd maid.
Then Kovalan told Kannaki; "Beloved!
I have great suffering caused to you, alas!
And grieved my parents pure and lived in sin."
Then she replied; "I hid my grief from them
But they my sorrow saw. Wherever you go,
Whatever you do, my duty and my joy
Are all summoned up in loyal love to you."
He said; "O pure and noble girl with heart
Of gold! O, radiant light of gloom-filled earth!
Incarnate chastity, Virtue, treasure!
I shall your anklet take and sell it soon
And swift return. Take courage and be here".
And as he went along the street he saw
A goldsmith there and asked; "Please see! my friend!
This anklet fair and estimate its price."
The goldsmith looked like Death's emissary.
As he had still the anklet of the queen,
He thought; "If I accuse this man
I shall be free from blame". Then to the king
He went and told that black untruth to him.
The king alas! urged by his fatal doom
Issued an edict; "Find and slay the thief".
The King's men went to do his bidding quick
But when they saw the gentle Kovalan
They said; "He does not seem a thief at all!"
The goldsmith said, "Thieves incantations use
And minds deceive. Trust not his gentle looks."
Then they in drunken fury cut with sword
Poor Kovalan whose fate had led him there.
Has the Pandian sceptre then lay bent.

Canto XVII—The dance of the Shepherd

Then Madari uneasy felt in mind
As milk uncurdled lay, and butter sweet
Did melt itself without the touch of fire,
And cows bellowed in fear and tinkling bells
Around their necks became untied and fell.
She then proposed that they the Kuravai dance.
—Which Krishna and his Gopi Pinnai* danced
Should dance in presence of fair Kannaki
To get the grace of God and cattle save;

Song

She loves with fragrant flowers in her hair
The lord who tamed the demon bull in rag.
Her close embrace his loving thoughts engage,
For him alone her swelling breasts are fair
Then seven damsels stood in dancing mood
With interlaced fingers fair and warm.

Song

If Krishna comes among our cattle fair
Shall we not hear his flute's melodious call
Beneath the sky in God's unpillared hall?
Here danced Pinnai and he with beauty rare?
How can we—thoughtless-maids—eloquent praise
The Lord who hid the multi-coloured dress
Of slender-waisted girls and would not bless
Till they forgot themselves in sweet amaze?
Sweet Pinnai stood between the cloud-hued Lord
And his fair brother shining like the moon;
Her song makes all the earth with rapture swoon
She like a peacock shone; so says the bard."

Ulvari Song

Upon the Pandyan sovereign's breast
Shone many garlands bright and fair.
He shines like Krishna in his zest
For song and dance in rapture rare.
The Chola king his emblem bright
Did carve on Himalayan hills.
He shines like Krishna who from sight
The our's disc hides and fear instills.
The Chera king with mighty will
Crossed seas to spread the reign of peace.
He shines like God who bore the hill
When gods for nector churned the seas.

Direct praise of God

You churned the seas with dreaded Vasuki
As churning rope and yet Yasoda tied
You with a churning rope and then you cried.
Is it deception or a mystery?
You ate this vast and wondrous universe
When all the gods stood dumb in served bands
And yet sweet butter from our gopis hands
To eat Lord Krishna! you were not averse,
You measured with your striding lotus feet
The vasty earth and vaster stretch of sky
And yet you did not feel yourself too high
To go and proud Duryodhan to entreat.

Indirect presume of God

Vain are the ears that do not hear
The praise of Him who joyful went
To tend the cows in forests drear
While all did gaze in wonderment.
Vain are the eyes which do not see
The cloud-hued Lord from whom arose
The cosmic blossom's mystery
With worlds as petals of the rose.
Vain is the tongue that will not praise
The Lord whose glory scriptures tell.
Revealing all his wondrous ways
In earth, bright heaven, and dreaded hell.

Canto XVIII—The Garland of Grief

Then Auvai heard in streets a swelling noise
And learnt the bitter news but mutely stood
Before fair Kannaki who tearful said;
"My mind is shaken; Tell the news; Alas!
Then Auvai said; "They said with vicious tongues
The he was thief and slew his noble self".
Then Kannaki in her dire agony
Fell fainting on the earth. She raved and cried;
"If kings are fools, am I to lose my Lord?
Am I to pine in bootless endless grief?
O Sun! Declare if my Lord was a thief?
A voice proclaimed in air; "He was no thief.
This town will soon be burnt by roaring flames".

*Pinnai is the Tamil name of Radhe.

Canto XIX—The talk of the down

Then she rushed palace-ward in utter grief
And bore her other anklet in her hand.
She cried: " O Maiden Chaste! See me! see me!
Can I endure this unjust loss! Alas!"
The woman cried; " What ill the king has done!
His righteous unbent sceptre has got beat".
She Kovalan's sory frame that lay in death
With streaming eyes witnessed in utter grief.
She cried; " Alas! You see my mind distraught
With grief and yet no words of solace say.
Your golden frame is red with gore! Alas!
O dreaded fate that wrought me such a wrong.
O women chaste! Will you this wrong permit!
O noble men! Are there no good men here?
Is there a God in this great town! Alas!
And when she clasped her noble husband's feet
His spirit rose and soared along with gods
And said to her " Beloved! Stay on earth"
Then she in wrath went to the unjust king
To ask for justice at his royal hands.

Canto XX—The demand for justice

The queen had dreadful dreams. She cried in pain:
" I saw the sceptre and th' umbrella fall.
The gate-bell shook and pealed itself. I saw
Gloom overspread the sky. I saw in night
A randow shine and stars fall in the day"
Then she with all her maids in haste repaired
Unto the king and told him all her dreams.
Just then the porter came and told the king;
" Some one is at the gate and justice asks."
The king said; " Let her come". She came in wrath
And said to him " I am from great Puhar,
Whose king once gave his flesh to save a dove,
And another king to wipe the cow's hot tears
His son bound to the chariot wheels and killed.
I am the wife of gentle Kovalan
Whom your men murdered! " I am Kannaki"
He said; " It is just to put a thief to death"
She showed that her bright anklet had within
Bright gems. The queens fair anklet had but pearls
Within. The noble king was overwhelmed with grief
And fell and dead. His pure and noble queen
His feet in worship touched and passed away.

Canto XXI—The wrath of Kannaki

Thus spake pure Kannaki unto the queen;
" O queen! I am pursued by cruel fate.
Ignorant though I be, I know full well
That he who in the forenoon harms, must find
Himself harm's victim in the afternoon,
Hear! Queen! about the virgins true and pure.
One lady made a vanni tree depose
And prove her chastity. Another told
Her lord became a figure on the sands,
Held back the flood till he regained his form
A third pursued the flood that washed away
Her lord till Varuna brought him to her.
A fourth stood as a stone upon the shore
When her lord went abroad and then resumed
Her lovely human form when he returned.
A fifth when her young step-child in a well
Did fall left fall her child thus saving both.
A sixth who saw a stranger lustful stare
At her at once simian made her face.
At when her lord returned became herself.
A seventh learning that her mother dear
Had told her servant true before her birth
That she would wed her to her servant's son
Went unto him and took him as her lord.
All these were born in Puhar whence I come.
If I am chaste this town will burn in fire"
She cried aloud: " I curse this city great
Whose king had done to me such grievous wrong.
She then her beauteous left breast plucked with force
And hurled it whirling in the street,
And when it fell uprose the God of Fire
And said: " I shall this city burn atonce".
She told him: " Slay not the old or young or pure
Or cows or women chaste." Atonce the town
Enveloped was in full by smoke and flame.

Canto XXII—The Destruction of the City by Fire

The Fire God's vast mouth was now opened wide
The city's guardian deities closed their doors.
The King had died to prove his righteousness.
The Queen whose soul, he was had died with him.
The citizens like pictures stood in grief.
The Audibhootam with his moon white frame
And decked with pearls and dressed in purest white;
The Kshatriya deity with his sun-red frame
And decked with rubies fair and dressed in red;
The Vaisya deity with his golden frame
And decked with gold and dressed in golden dress;
The Sudra deity with his sapphire frame
And decked in blue gans fair and dress in black:
Disappeared from the town as destiny
Decreed its swift destruction great by fire.
As on the day when Kandava forest blazed, the fire
Burnt fiercely through the ancient city great
But spared the cows and calves and pious men.
The women praised Kannaki's chastity.

Canto XXIII—The Explanation

There appeared then before Kannaki's eyes,
Madurapathi, the city's goddess fair,
With crescent on her hair and her fair frame
Half dark in hue and half of golden tint.
With golden lotus in her soft left hand
And drawn sword in her right. Then Kannaki
Asked her; " Who art thou most divinely fair?"
The Goddess said; " This city's deity great
I am. The noble king and your good lord
Have reaped the fruits of deeds in former births.
The King the ringing of the gateway bell
Had never heard but only vedic chants
Fell on his ears. None but his vanquished foes
Spoke ill of him. A former Pandyan King
Went on his mighty rounds. A doorless house
He saw and knocked at it. He heard a man
Accosted by his wife who said; " You went away
To distant lands and said that my best fence
Was our great King's protecting power. Our house
No door need have at all". The King at once
Cut off his hand that knocked to tell the man
The need for door. Such were Madura's Kings.
There was another just and noble King.
One day Parasara returning there
Gave presents to a charming brahmin boy
Who holy Vedas uttered clear and well;
Some jealous men the father of the boy
Abused and spoke ill-natured words and said;
" He had secreted treasure which the king
Should get". So he was cast in prison foul.
The Durga's temple closed its sacred doors.
The king thereon felt grief and swift released
The man. Then opened the holy temple doors.
Such were the righteous kings of Madura great.
Fair Kannaki! Now listen to my words.
At Singapur two royal agnates fought
And all the land was in a disturbed state.

Then came a merchant Sankama by name
With his wife Nili there to sell his wares.
Then Kovalan was in his prior birth
A person in the service of the king
As spy. His name was Bharata. He seized
The merchant and beheaded him at once.
Then Nili cursed him saying that such fate
Would overtake him and she rushed in haste
Ascending soon on cliff and fell and died.
That curse has now come true. A fortnight hence
Your Lord will come here in his framed divine".
Then goddess then the city saved from flames.
Then Kannaki went out of Madura
By its great western gate and went along
To Chera land and stood in Vengai grove.
A fortnight later came in form divine
The gentle Kovalan along with gods
Who strewed unfading flowers upon her form,
And took her in a car divine to Heaven.

BOOK III—VANJI

Canto XXIV—The Dance of the mountain Maidens

The hill girls who had come to chase the birds
And spirit in waterfalls and bathe in springs
Saw Kannaki and asked her who she was.
She said: "My fate deprived me of my lord
And Madura of its great sovereign".
Bright flowers fell on her form divine
And she was taken unto heaven by gods.
The hill girls said; "O Village folk! Accept
This lady as your deity and adore.
O beat the drum and blow upon the horn
And peal the bell and sing Kurinji songs
And offer incense sweet and scatter flowers".

Song

"Come maiden! Come! The hill stream flows
In joy 'neath rainbow arches fair
Which shine with iridiscent glows.
Come! let us apart in joyance there.
The stream in rapture doth embrace
The rock and like a garland lies
Around it. Through the sunlit days
Let's dally with it loverwise.

Song

Oh! I lotus sport in merriment
In waters cool and gladly pray
To Skanda in deep wonderment;
The Lord whose spear is bright like day.

Song

Oh! Friend! I have loves' malady;
But mother thinks I am possessed.
Can Skanda know my mystery?
To me can he give joyful rest?

Song

When Skanda comes on peacock throne
With Valli seated by his side;
His feet soft like two blossoms blown
We shall adore with love and pride.

Song

Let's sing, My Friends, let's sing, let's sing
The goddess of true chastity;
With fragrant inner blossoming
Beneath a shower of melody.

Canto XXV—The King's Decision

The Chera king desired to see the hill
Cloud-crowned and hymned by sweet-toned waterfalls,
And thither went like Indra with the gods.
The hillmen took the produce of the hills
To him as tribute due—sweet honey pure,
And tusks of ivory and *ahil* wood,
And said: "A maiden with her breast plucked out
Stood 'neath a Vengai Tree, and then aloft
The great gods took her and her lord to heaven".
Then poet Sattan told the King her life—
How she avenged the cruel wrong to her
And burnt the city by her potent curse
And how the Pandyan King fell dead in grief
At his injustice great and how his queen
Departed from the forlorn earth with him.
The Chera King then said: "The King did well.
His death made straight his sceptre bent by sin".
He asked his queen: "One lady chaste her life
Resigned when her beloved lord was dead.
The other maid came hither to our land.
Whom shall we praise". The noble queen replied:
"Let us due honour show to Kannaki
Who with her blessed feet distouch our land".
The ministers then advised the noble king
To get a stone from high Himalaya
Or from the Pandya mountain great to carve
Kannaki's image bright. The king resolved
To bring the stone from Himalaya.
He asked his ministers his edict to issue.
His edict then was sent from clime to clime.

Canto XXVI—The bringing of the Sacred Stone

The Chera Sovereign said: "The Northern Kings
Have jeered at my prowess. I swear today
That I the stone shall bring upon their heads".
The king's soothsayer foretold victory.
The officers of state approved the call
To arms. The royal sword and umbrella
Upon the state elephants neck were placed.
The king then wore a garland bright of flowers.
Of palm and vanji. Then the Chera King
Bowed low before the shrines of gods and took
The gift of grace.
Then moved the armies great
In arab array towards Himalaya.
Upon the way a hundred mighty kings
Said to the Chera King: "O We shall bring
The Himalayan stone." The King replied:
"Kings Kanaka and Vijaya have jeered
At me and must presumptions harvest reap"
To cross the Ganges keep a fleet of boats
For us". The he in boats the Ganges crossed.
He then in mortal combat met the kings
Of Northern India and their valour quelled.
The goblins danced upon the battle-field
At sight of heaped-up slain. The beaten kings
In disguise fled—some as fakirs and some
As bards and some as songsters. Then the king
Got from the pure and lofty mountain bright
A stone to carve the form of Kannaki.

Canto XXVII—The bath of the Stone

The stone was bathed in Ganga's waters white
And pure and on the proud and crowned heads
Of Kanaka and Vijaya was placed and brought.
The Chera King then camped on Ganga's shore.
He decorated with the *Vahai* flowers
The sons of those great heroes who in war

(To be Continued)

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